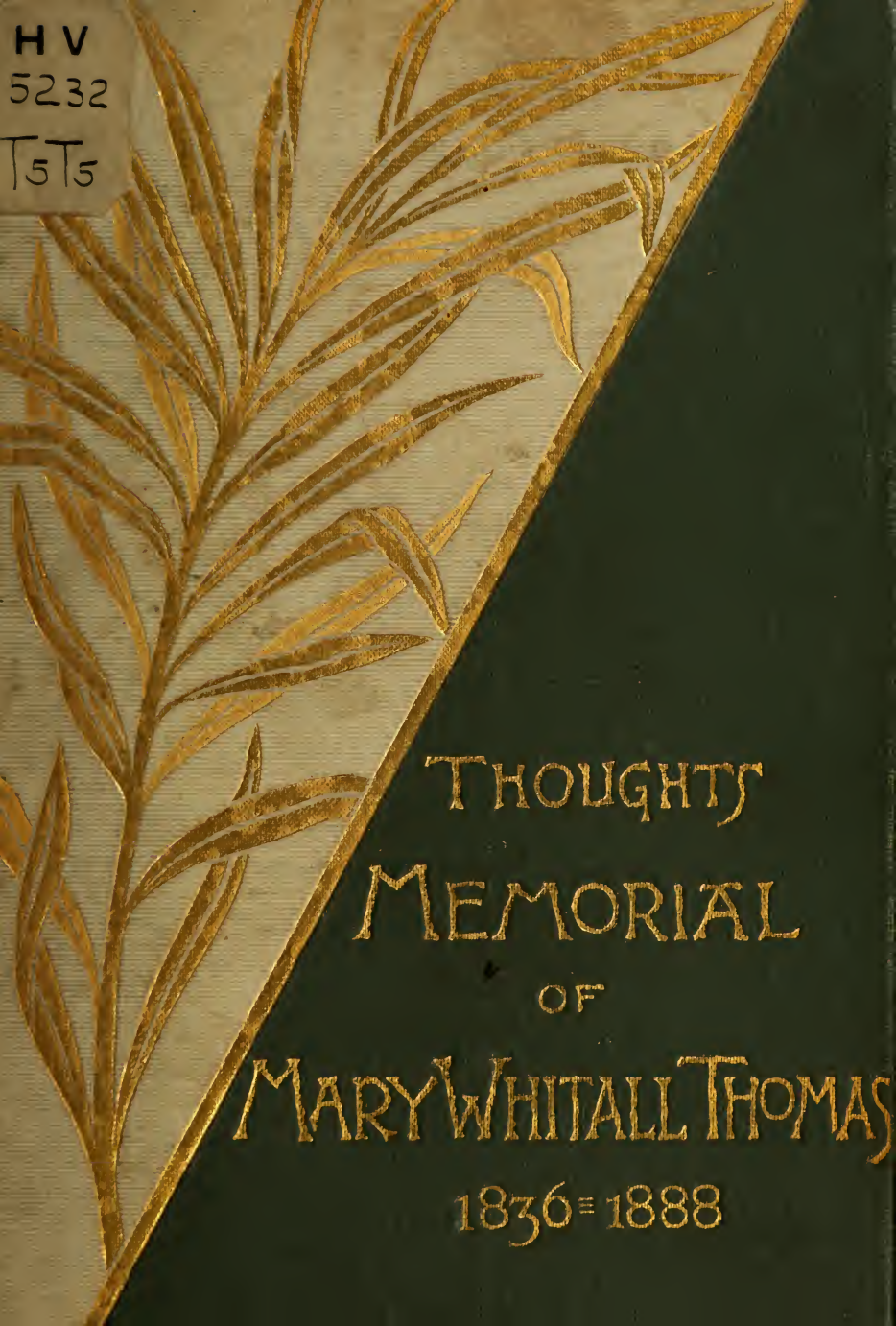
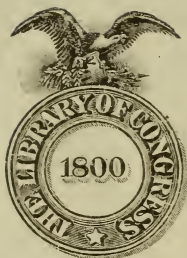


HV
5232
T5T5



THOUGHTS
MEMORIAL
OF
MARY WHITALL THOMAS
1836-1888



Class HV 5232

Book T5 T5



THOUGHTS

MEMORIAL OF

Mary Whitall Thomas,

BORN 1836, DIED 1888.

ARRANGED BY

E. T. G. AND A. B. T.

AND

*Published by Direction of Woman's Christian
Temperance Union of Maryland,*

1888.

D. W. GLASS & CO.,

BALTIMORE.

HV5232
T5T5

COPYRIGHT 1888 BY

Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Maryland.

149538
10

PREFACE.

In the great sorrow that fills our hearts, at the death of our dear State President, it is hard to realize that for her it is not sorrow, but FULLNESS of joy. What we do realize with a sharp heart-ache is, that henceforth we shall see her amongst us no more. The gracious presence that was the fitting dwelling place of her bright, beautiful spirit will never gladden us again. She was our own; every one of us felt that we had our own private right to her; every one of us had known her sympathy in sorrow, the strength of her strong, cheery faith in hours of discouragement, the inspiration of her consecration to God and to humanity at all times.

Some of us have still more sacred memories.

Her's were the lips that first roused us to earnest purpose and to see the possibilities for which we were created; or we were sunk in despair, or wandering weary and blind, and she came with the message that Christ is able to save. Her brow, on which God's peace was written, and her lovely consecrated life sealed the truth of her words, and we gained courage to look up and seek the Saviour who had saved her.

In this little book are brought together the thoughts presented by the various speakers at the Special Service, held during the State Convention: and with them we have reprinted selections from the Memorial Number (August, 1888) of the White Ribbon Herald. As a fitting prelude, we also give Mrs. Thomas' last address to her fellow workers of the W. C. T. U.—the "President's Greeting"—from the first issue of the State paper.

PRESIDENT'S GREETING.

REPRINTED FROM WHITE RIBBON HERALD OF MAY,

1888.

Dear Sisters of the White Ribbon Army of Maryland, in sending out the first number of the WHITE RIBBON HERALD, you must allow your President to give each one of you a hearty greeting and to congratulate you that the long looked for day has come, when Maryland's Woman's Christian Temperance Union has a State paper of its own. As the little paper comes to us month by month, bearing the news from every corner in the State, it will bind us more closely, and make us feel truly that we are fellow workers for God and home, and every land.

We hope that the superintendents in all the Local Unions, and, indeed, that all of us may find suggestions in the paper which will be an inspiration to our work, and that our workers may also

be able from time to time, as the needs in their different localities suggests methods of work, to give in the paper helpful hints and plans for extending our usefulness.

We must, dear sisters, give our earnest attention to the work. The Lord has called us, and in faith in Him we shall have the victory. Remember our motto, "This is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith." Let us never think of failure for one moment.

Let me again say as I have said in my annual address to you last autumn, "It is thought that shapes and governs the world."

"I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with being, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill."

There has been no greater purifier of the thoughts of humanity than our blessed Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with our high-thinking Frances E. Willard at its head.

Men and women and children are being taught to think that the drunkard can be redeemed; that the outcast can be reclaimed; that our homes can be protected; that our boys can be as pure as our girls; that our nation can be freed from the dread liquor traffic, and that our politicians can be statesmen. It is our faith in Jesus Christ, our living, triumphant Saviour, that enables us to think these thoughts, and to impress them upon those around us. If He came to open the prison to them that are bound, and to set the captives free, we expect it to be done. If He came to make an end of sin and to bring in everlasting righteousness, we know that the liquor traffic must go, and that men must be pure and noble and good.

Let us not waste our strength by dwelling too much upon the sin and crime and evil that seem to be entrenched so strongly in the body politic.

Remember our Master's words, "Overcome evil with good." It is said of charity, which is greater than faith, or tongues or martyrdoms, "Charity believeth all things and hopeth all things." "Believe then in the Lord, your God, so shall ye be established."

MARY W. THOMAS.

SERVICES

*In memory of Mary Whittall Thomas, President of
the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of
Maryland, and Mrs. Mary C. Williams, Vice-
President of the Baltimore City Union,
were held in the M. E. Church, corner
Charles and Fayette Streets, Bal-
timore, on Wednesday,
October 3d, 1888.*

Mrs. H. M. Wilson, Vice-President, presided,
and opened the services by reading from

REVELATION 7; 9-17.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude
which no man could number, of all nations, and
kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before
the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with
white robes and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces and worshipped God,

Saying Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, *be* unto our God forever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me: What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And from JOSHUA 1; 1-8.

Now after the death of Moses, the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying:

Moses, my servant, is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel.

Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.

From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea to-

ward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast.

There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

Be strong and of good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them.

Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee; turn not from it *to* the right hand or *to* the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

PRAYER

BY THE REV. ANDREW LONGACRE.

HYMN.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Though cast down, we're not forsaken ;
Though afflicted, not alone ;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken :
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne :
With thy smile of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own ;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

MRS. H. M. WILSON

Then Said:

Dear Friends :--I need not tell you the nature of the service that we commemorate in this hour. Our loss has been all too real to us during the weeks that have elapsed since that summer day, when we laid our beloved away amid the flowers and the ferns, for *she* was *dead*. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life ; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Being dead, she speaks to-day through the various societies with which she was connected, and from each one comes a flower to weave into a garland immortal.

A loved and honored Vice-President has also fallen from our ranks--Mrs. Mary Cushing Williams, who, on the 7th of July, mingled her tears with ours, in our local memorial service for Mrs. Thomas. She has since been bidden come up higher, and hath entered in through the gates into the city.

MARY WHITALL THOMAS

IN MEMORIAM.

BY MRS. E. L. TATUM.

I was thinking how glad I would be this morning, if I could bring you some message fresh from the lips of her who was our honored President, and who *still* is *ours*, although she has been promoted to a higher charge, and has passed beyond our call.

But if she could now appear here in our midst fresh from the courts of Heaven, with her shining angel face, only brighter in degree than when we saw it last, and her spotless garments, fragrant with the incense of Heaven, I believe she would have no new message for us, but would only re-iterate and enforce those we have already heard

so often from her lips. I believe that the language of Heaven may be spoken in every vernacular on earth, and that we have many times heard its sweet spiritual utterances through the musical voice of Mary Whitall Thomas, as she taught us lessons of life, love and faith. We can prove our love for her, and more than that, our faith in the Redeemer she told us of, by gathering our strength where she gathered hers, and by loving service for her Saviour and ours, in every moment of our lives.

To our white Ribbon Army, if she were here, I think she would reiterate, "The battle is not yours, but God's." "You have a captain that was never foiled in battle," and "With him for your leader, you must go on to victory."

Sympathetic by nature as she was, in a large degree, the sad stories of real life had far more for her, when there was a chance for her interest to help, than the most thrilling chapter of fiction; and so the temperance work first enlisted her, for the sake of all the sufferers concerned, from the

saloon-keeper and his immediate victims, down through the long train of destitute ones who follow after. As an outcome of this, she was one of the first to meet to form a branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the State of Maryland, and her interest in the work burned as a steady fire through the rest of her life.

The words, "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," grew to mean to her, as to many others, not only the putting down of the liquor traffic, great as that would be, but they also meant total abstinence from *everything* that would poison the soul and degenerate the body. They meant, with our many departments of work, not only the uplifting of our banner of peace and purity, in a general way, as a national standard, but that the principles it betokened should be taught in each home in our land, and spread from these home centres, in ever widening circles, like ripples on a stream, until they reach the utmost bounds of the world. This she saw typified in our local, county, state, national and international organizations,

with our world's motto, "For God, and home and humanity." She loved *all humanity* because the Christ spirit filled her heart.

Her spiritual sight had grown so clear by long years of steady gazing heavenward, that she longed to take the whole world by the hand and lead them to the spot where she stood, that they too might behold the glorious visions which she so clearly saw. To her, the things of what is sometimes called the unseen world, were far more real than the material things of earth. She could say, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth," and, "The things which we have *seen* and *heard* declare we unto you."

Hers was a noble ancestry. She came of a long line—not of the titled in any earthly court, but of princes and priests in the house of Israel. And when she herself was born into the kingdom, she entered at once into joyful service for her Lord, and so fully realized the privileges of heirship that she soon bore the impress of royalty and wore a spiritual crown upon her peaceful brow.

We read in Rev. 12: 4, of the saints in the New Jerusalem, that "His name shall be in their foreheads."

I think that hers had received the King's mark, while yet in the body of flesh. One could *see* that she was a daughter of the King, as she walked through the public streets, or went about her daily duties.

From the time she was welcomed into life by her happy parents, to the day of her death, she lived in the sunny clime of an ideal home life. It was the genial atmosphere in which the perfect flower of her being expanded.

When a child, her earthly father so entered into sympathy with all the joys and sorrows of his children, and so happily and wisely made life's lesson seem pleasant and attractive, yet earnestly to be studied and lived out, that it was easy for them afterward to love, trust and obey their Heavenly Father.

Coming to Baltimore as a bride at nineteen, she built her home nest, woven of the brightest

fabrics of her sunny nature, among a people she learned to love as her very own; for whom she labored and prayed; whose interest became her interest; and to whom she dedicated the best offerings of her life—the people of Baltimore, and indeed, of all Maryland—since there was no check to the outflowing of her loving interest wherever her acquaintanceship extended.

To her, Prov. 31 : 28 was particularly applicable, “Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.”

Any one that came within the charmed circle of her large household band must have seen that all that was brightest and sweetest and best in her nature, flowed forth most freely there, where she was worshipped by all.

She wrote me last winter from her sick room, “I have had a *delightful* time since I have been in retirement. My family so sweet and lovely, and so helpful to me in every way. * * * We had a sweet Christmas : all my chicks around me, and all sweet. We had a lovely family meeting

together Christmas night, fourteen of us." Her spirit departed while surrounded by this lovely family group, at her home at Blue Ridge Summit, where she so loved to be, and grace was given those dear ones to speak parting words of cheer to her as she passed away.

She believed that the perfect home life here typifies the holy one above, and this was one reason she was so anxious to make the wretched abodes she saw among the families of the drunken and destitute as bright with gospel sunshine as possible; and this made her more anxious that our new State headquarters might be built, and used in the various ways it should be, as a training school for such home life. Her sympathetic nature was stirred to its depths with the suffering and sin she saw, and she pondered much over the best means to alleviate it. This she saw in the proposed headquarters. Her mind was much absorbed with this, even in the midst of the weakness and suffering of her sick room; and when she was at the very gates of death, she summoned strength to add a codicil to her will,

leaving an additional \$500 to that already given by her to help on the building. So that, in the last sacred moments of her life, her heart still beat for the poor people of Baltimore, and with confidence in the work of the W. C. T. U. of our State.

She gave herself so loyally and unsparingly to others, that I think the noble men and women of Maryland will surely see to it, that this last wish of hers shall be carried out, and that the temple of her dreams shall soon rise fair and high just where she wanted it. I am sure she would rather I would plead for it to-day than to speak words in memory of her. Memories of departed saints amount to but little if they do not stir us up to better deeds and higher living on our own part.

A three-fold cord bound her to each member of the White Ribbon Army. It was "For God, and home and native land." That cord *seems* severed now; but we know by the way our hearts still tremble at the sound of her name, that

some invisible tie yet binds us to her spirit, that did not die when the beautiful, earthly tabernacle was shattered, and that we will clasp her hand when our forces re-assemble on the other shore. One more of our number, Mrs. P. C. Williams, has laid down her armor and gone to join her already. She too was gifted with rare Christian virtues, and has left a great blank in the place she filled so perfectly here. We can imagine the happy meeting of those friends, in Heaven.

I think the sweetest, most powerful prayer I ever heard Mary W. Thomas make was at the closing of our convention last year, where she asked that love and wisdom and power might be given to us all, and that the overshadowing spirit might surround us. I could almost see the invisible wings of the angels then sent out to keep us through the year, and we have been kept and blessed.

Although our leader attained a height far above the most of us, yet it is *not* inaccessible to us, and like loyal soldiers, we should strive to

follow where she led ; to plant our footsteps where she planted hers ; and go on to victory in that power that *never can* be exhausted. According to our faith, *so* shall it be unto us.

HYMN.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep !
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus ! O, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet !
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest !
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me,
May such a blissful refuge be !
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be !
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Ada C. Jewell, of Cecil Co., read the following resolutions :

At a meeting of the State Executive Committee, held July 7th, the following action was taken :

WHEREAS, There has been taken from us our honored president and loved leader, MRS. MARY WHITALL THOMAS, whose heroic faith, holy courage and warm devotion were ever our inspiration and strength.

Resolved, That in her spirit we have ever the most beautiful illustration of the Spirit of Christ : in her life filled with the fruits of righteousness and abounding in every good work the closest approximation to the Christly ideal, and in her death the consummation of that eternal life she had in Christ Jesus.

Resolved, That out of the depths of our love and sorrow and loss, we yet bow to the Supreme will which was the law of her life, and we will seek to show our honor and love for her by deepened devotion to the Master and to the work to which she was wholly consecrated ; thanking

God for the rare beauty of that life, for the rich benediction of all her ministries in word and deed among us, and for the sweet comfort and helpfulness of our association with her.

Resolved, That to the family she has left, we tender our warmest and deepest sympathy, in a peculiar manner sharing their sorrow while rejoicing in their hope.

MRS. G. B. MURDOCH.

At the annual meeting of the Baltimore Union, held Sept. 18th, 1888, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, . It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom and love, to remove from us another of our beloved co-laborers, Mrs. Mary C. Williams,

Resolved, That whilst deeply mourning our loss, we gratefully recall her earnest interest in all the branches of the work, her consecrated spirit and her warm devotion to the cause.

Resolved, That we tender to her bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their great sorrow.

SARAH W. TUDOR,

Rec. Secretary.

Mrs. S. Baldwin, on behalf of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, said :

Fourteen years ago, my dear friend joined me on my way home from one of the first W. C. T. U. meetings held in this city, in Mt. Vernon M. E. Church.

I remember how I talked of home duties, and how glad I was that I had a large family of little children and could not be expected to attend to outside duties, closing my remarks with the words, "Home work is so much more congenial than temperance work." I can see her earnest look now, as her great, motherly heart seemed to wander into the many sad homes ruined by drink, as she thoughtfully said, "Yes, our homes and children are lovely, but are you willing to stay there and let all the rest of the world perish?"

These words lingered with me, and I felt constrained to go to temperance meetings whenever I saw a notice of them. Not only did Mrs. Thomas inspire others to enter into the work, but she had also the beautiful gift of bringing to the front whatever was good in a person, and of encouraging every effort put forth in God's name.

Indeed, she was most helpful to us all, for she was ever giving out some practical thought that would make us better mothers and better housekeepers, as well as better Christian workers. She was deeply interested in everything that looked to the uplifting of women and girls, and spent much time in trying to secure better laws in their behalf.

She was fully in sympathy with every department of temperance work, and tried to make it plain to each superintendent. There was no time in all her sickness that she did not seem glad to have me come in and tell her how our work was progressing ; and when I would say good bye to her, she would reply, "Come in whenever you can and tell me what is being done."

She manifested the greatest interest in the building of our State headquarters. It seemed to be laid upon her heart, but sometimes she would say in hours of weariness, "I wish we might lay it aside." But believing it to be a thought from God to have this building, she prepared the plans and helped to write the appeals.

She was sure that many wandering ones might be reached through these means, who never would enter a church, and to the very end of her life her thoughts turned toward it with never-failing interest.

Our dear friend worked hard ; many times when I have called for her she would say, "I did not sleep until two o'clock. I was planning and writing, or preparing a Bible reading." Often I found her with some tired worker trying to explain away some difficulty, or with some poor shipwrecked man, telling him there was hope for him in Christ Jesus, or with some forlorn woman, with whom she could only weep, or perhaps with some university student, trying to help him to

understand the higher Christian life. And thus was her life spent in active service for God. As has been truly said, "she had a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize."

As I entered the room where we had together so often worked and planned, and looked upon her quiet, restful face for the last time, it did not seem to me that she was dead, but only gone on "to explore more sacred streams, and visit the diviner vales and wander among the everlasting Alps of God's upper province of creation. And, dear friends, although the windows of Heaven have opened and received out of our sight our loved one, we will work on, ever feeling for the hand of God, thanking Him for her beautiful life, which has been such an inspiration to so many hearts.

"Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

JULIET S. BALDWIN.

Mrs. G. H. McLeod, on behalf of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, read the following Memorial Poem :—

CROWNED.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. DR. JAMES CAREY THOMAS.

BY MRS. GEORGIA HULSE MCLEOD.

“Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee
a crown of life.” Rev. ii: 10

This time last year she was with us,
Whose place is vacant to-day,
No words can tell how we miss her,
Since the morning she went away.
In the early summer dawning
She heard the sweet “Well done !”
The voice of the Master calling,
As “higher” he bade her come.

Right fair was the earthly sunrise,
From which she passed away,
To the glad light of that City,
Where evermore it is day.

A beautiful, beautiful record
Of her stainless life is left,
To comfort the sad and lonely,
Of her counsel so bereft.

“How can we do without her?”

Voices all over the land
Are asking in hours of grieving,
Our loving “White Ribbon Band.”
A sad, sad loss to the many,
Who have loved her long and well ;
Her smile was our welcome ever,
How we miss her, none can tell !

Through weary hours of suffering,
The cross she was glad to bear,
The doctrine of Christ adorning,
The Thorns or the Palm to wear.
Her patient trust in the Master
No earthly pain could dim :
To his will she bowed in meekness,
Now she is crowned with him.

Our hearts shrine many a picture
Of her life-deeds fair and bright ;
We love to pause and recall them,
Though *she* is beyond our sight.

Let us live, as *she* lived, near Jesus,
In her footsteps follow on,
Until when our work is ended,
We shall meet where she has gone.

In the early summer morning
She entered the gates of rest,
At home, in the Beautiful City,
With the ransomed, crowned and blessed!
Missing, not lost, we'll remember,
And bow to the chastising rod;
In our Father's house we'll find her,
Safe in the presence of God!

BALTIMORE, Oct. 3d, 1888.

TRIBUTE FROM THE BALTIMORE AUXILIARY OF
THE MCALL ASSOCIATION.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is difficult to speak or to think of *death* and *Mary Whitall Thomas*, together.

She was one of those who go in and out before us, bearing about in their bodies the marks of their immortality; irrefutable arguments that "whoso liveth and believeth in Him shall never die." Only when we recall that the death of the body means the birth of the soul into a higher sphere, can we associate the word death with our beloved friend; and as we stand gazing into the heavens, through which she passed from our mortal sight, we seem to hear her clear, ringing voice, crying back to us, out of the excessive brightness, "Behold I am alive forevermore."

In an exceptional sense, all who knew her in social life, or who co-operated with her in works of charity, or moral reform, have realized in her departure a heavy personal loss. Something of the brightness of life has vanished with her; a star has left its place in our heavens to shed its lustre other-where.

So rare a combination of physical graces, of mental gifts, and of moral endowment, is seldom seen. Thus richly furnished, it is not surprising that she was continually called to lead her sister-women in their high endeavors for the good of humanity.

Five years ago she listened to the eloquent French advocates of the McAll Mission, during their visit to Baltimore, and her soul was at once aflame with enthusiasm for this cause. Some of the early meetings for organization were held in her parlors, and she was immediately singled out for the presidency of the Baltimore Auxiliary of the American McAll Association. With her arch smile she demurred, pleading that she was already "six presidents," but the pressure was so

great that she yielded, and added this also to her numerous and weighty responsibilities, outside as well as within her own denominational lines.

We all do know how bravely she stood at her post, long after the ominous intimations had come to her, of the mortal malady that was to bring her earthly labors to an end.

The crowning grace of Mrs. Thomas, in the discharge of her official duties, was *her utter self-forgetfulness*. This means much. Evermore she held up the cause she advocated, between herself and her audience. The whole attention was drawn to the business in hand, and never once diverted to herself.

But these years of brave and fruitful labor, under the gaze of the world, drew to a close, and it pleased her Master that she should come apart and glorify him in the furnace of affliction. Days and nights of pain and languishing were appointed to her, but grace triumphed, and she was able to say affectionately, "Thy will be done."

And now, shall we of the Baltimore McAll Auxiliary drape the banner she bore so bravely,

in mourning and trail it in sorrow? A thousand times, no! Let us raise it aloft and bear it onward, trusting that God himself will supply all the sore need that we and our cause have sustained, in the death of our beloved friend and President, *Mary Whitall Thomas*.

BALTIMORE, September 7, 1888.

“Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.”—
Rev. 22, 14

THE BALTIMORE AUXILIARY OF THE WOM-
AN'S UNION FOREIGN MISSION-
ARY SOCIETY

would respond this morning to the call to mingle our love and sympathy with you in this beautiful memorial service. Scattered as we have been through the summer months, by the sea-shore, or the mountain side, we have all heard another

call, a call that thrilled our hearts to their depths --that call which came to our beloved President, to lay down her Christ-like work on earth, and to "come up higher."

She heard the call, and has gone from us. We are as sheep without a shepherd. We have no leader. We can only bow submissively to our Father's will, while thanking Him for giving her to us for so many years, and praising Him for the mercy and love manifested to her through the closing months of her beautiful life.

He alone *can* know how we shall miss her guidance—her enthusiasm—her good counsel—her bright, hopeful words—her deep and unflagging interest in the Zenana Missions of India and all our missionary work—her sweet expositions of God's Holy Word and, more than all, her *prayers*. God grant us grace to follow her as she followed Christ.

MRS. ALEX. M. CARTER,

Cor. Sec. W. U. F. M. S.

Oct. 3, 1888,

THE EXETER STREET HOME FOR FALLEN WOMEN.

BY MRS. J. P. ELLIOTT.

Work for outcast women particularly appealed to Mary Whitall Thomas' sympathies. I feel that no word of mine can convey any adequate idea of what she was to us, her fellow workers; how she cheered us in our times of discouragement by her strong faith, believing as she did that in the Lord's work there was no such thing as failure.

To the poor, lonely wanderers who, knowing not a Saviour's love, and being forsaken by friends and kindred, felt that "no man cared for their souls"—she was a ministering angel. As I speak, I seem to see her as I have so often, her soft eyes filled with tears, as she told them of a loving Saviour who could not only love them to the uttermost, but could keep them from falling, and then, anxious to show them human as well

as divine sympathy, she would gently lay her hand on theirs, and assure them of her pity, and desire to help them. Her Christ-like patience never failed, no matter how often they disappointed her by yielding to temptation. If they returned expressing sorrow, she would always say, "We must give them another chance." I am sure there are many among them to-day who could say, "She lead me to repentance and to Christ.

To me, one of the most striking features of her ministry for others was that there was no soul, however disfigured by sin and misery, but that she could still see something beautiful in it, something worthy of love. Yet I have often heard her say that she had not by nature a loving disposition, but that her Heavenly Father had given it to her in answer to prayer. She never failed to realize and to acknowledge her entire dependence on the Lord, and had perfect faith that he would supply all her needs, and was most earnest in endeavoring to persuade her fellow Christians to trust Him, and go forward fearlessly in Chris-

tian work, saying, "All Christians may be channels, and channels to be effective must be open at both ends." Open towards God, that they may be filled with this love and power and open towards man that they may tell to others what great things He had done for them. Her place we can never fill, but let us each one strive to carry on the work she has left, looking unto Jesus, and not fearing to put ourselves side by side with the despised and neglected of the world.

Thus keeping in the midst of life, we realize, as she did, the truth of Goethe's words, "Talent develops itself in solitude." The talent of prayer, of faith "Character in the stream of life."

HER CHURCH WORK.

BY M. S. THOMAS.

I have noticed that those who have spoken to-day for the various associations of which Mary Whittall Thomas was a member, have each dwelt upon what she was to them, the inspiration of her presence, her love, and sympathy.

And yet I cannot help feeling that to us, in her own Meeting, where her own spiritual life developed, she was more in every way. We knew her experiences as they came to her, for she told us of them, in order that we too might lay hold with her, of the good things that are ours, in the Lord Jesus Christ. In speaking of her church work as a member of the society of Friends, it is necessary to add a few words of explanation. For as you know, we, as Friends, lay special emphasis on the fact, that each child of the Lord

has a service for the Master. We hold (not theoretically) but practically the truth; that "upon my servants, and *my handmaids* will I pour out my spirit," and we believe, that both women and men are called to preach the Gospel, not only privately but publicly. These truths Mary Whitall Thomas held, not from early education, only, but as deliberate convictions. It was therefore no surprise to her, soon after her conversion, to feel the call of the Lord, to testify of His goodness in our meetings. To her the ministry of the Gospel was no bondage, but a service of joy. Often has she said to me "I sit down in a meeting feeling that I am nothing in myself, but the words come to me "Out of you shall flow rivers of living water." Some of her expressions we well remember, for they came often from her lips, but as some one remarked "They never seemed old, but always sounded fresh when she said them."

She loved to use the simile of an electric machine, saying "You must take hold with the two hands of your will and your faith, or the power

will not flow into you." Again, "A channel must be open at both ends, Godward and manward."

Her preaching was full of inspiration and she loved to dwell on the mighty power of her Lord and Saviour, on the crucifixion of the body of sin; on the victory of the resurrection life, in Christ. What the Lord Jesus was to her, she knew He was waiting to be to every soul.

To her there were no hopeless cases. She believed that every soul was a visited soul, that God had been beforehand with everybody, and therefore when she carried the message of salvation to the sinner, however degraded she knew that it was in harmony with the work of the spirit.

She believed that the Lord Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. Let us thank God for her life, for her witness, for what she was to us; if she could speak to us now, I think she would say, "Yield yourselves, to the Lord Jesus Christ, your Saviour. Consecrate all that you have and are, to Him, expect Him to use you, and to give you the Holy

Spirit to enable you to do effectual work for Him." Let us follow her in her expectation of blessed results.

"For right, is right, since God, is God,
And right, the day must win,
To doubt, would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!"

The Board of the Female House of Refuge, of which Mrs. Thomas was a member, sent a note regretting that no one was able to represent them at the memorial services.

RESOLVED,

BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE BALTIMORE
ORPHAN ASYLUM :

That in the death of Mrs. Thomas, our beloved Vice-President, and of Mrs. Williams, our much honored manager, the Orphan Asylum has sustained a most grievous and, to our eyes, an almost irreparable loss. It seems a strange providence that has called away from us two such beneficent characters. Mrs. Williams, for eight years, has been one of our most earnest managers, and one to whom we have always turned as to one of God's chosen.

For more than a quarter of a century, Mrs. Thomas has been one of the leading spirits of our institution ; so that, when in 1883, Mrs. Baynard, the long time president, and Miss Smith, the vice-president, were both taken from the Asylum, it was the unanimous wish that Mrs. Thomas should become one of the presiding officers, and we who have been permitted to serve with her, shall ever hold the memory of our intercourse as a sacred legacy.

Mrs. Thomas' striking characteristic in her treatment of all questions affecting our institution, has been love for the little ones committed to our care; belief in them, and in God's love and care for them. We shall ever remember her beautiful countenance aglow with affection, when she has sometimes been called upon to reprove an unruly inmate.

Her earnest prayers still live with us. Her unfeigned cheerfulness, her deep and abiding faith in God's love for the smallest and poorest of his creatures, are to us a precious heritage from the past, and we believe that more than one seed sown by her has taken root in our institution, and, we hope, in the great harvest, will bring forth fruit even more than a hundred fold. Now, in what fitting words shall we express our sorrow and gratitude for those elect ones with whom we have taken such sweet counsel?

Let us rather rejoice that they have been permitted to come among us, and pray the great Father of all that others may be raised up in

some measure to take their places, and to guide and watch over this institution.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the friends of the deceased.

MARY W. WILSON, Sec.,

Baltimore Orphan Asylum.

Remarks of Mrs. I. Alex. Shriver in presenting the resolutions adopted by the board of managers of the Baltimore Orphan Asylum, upon the death of Mrs. James Carey Thomas (the late vice-president), and Mrs. P. C. Williams, manager "To the Womans Christian Temperance Union :"

What words can be compared with those which inspiration addresses to those who mourn the loss of *Christian friends*.

What possible comfort can there be in the gloom and mystery of death, save in the positive teaching of the new Testament.

The valley of the shadow of death is very dark, but the face of Jesus Christ shines directly through it.

It is not an adequate consolation to be reminded of the admirable and Christian qualities of our dear friends at the moment they are taken away from us. The very fact that they are undoubtedly prepared for Heaven makes their society the more valuable and needful to us here, and the sense of our loss when they are gone the deeper and keener. Now are we forced to lay hold for anchorage in the storm of the great articles of our Christian faith. Christ comes even as He promised in His own time, in His own way, and takes to himself those whom He has redeemed, that they may be with Him where He is. They have gone to be with Him, whom not having seen, they have loved, receiving the end of their faith—the salvation of their souls.

In the Catacombs of Rome, there is a tomb with this inscription: "A sweet Christian Soul." I borrow these words as descriptive of the dear friends for whom we mourn. They certainly were sincere disciples of Jesus Christ, and are associated in our memory only as *pure*, true and attentive to *every* Christian duty.

God has honored our Asylum for the Orphan by frequent visitations and translations. This home on the earth and that home in Heaven are brought and blended together. A part of one number have gone ; a part still lingers here. God grant that we who wait may live as gently and die as safely as those who have preceded us, and that at last, beyond the dark and narrow defile of death, we may join them in that house eternal in the Heavens, where there is no more death, neither sorrow or crying, and where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

MEMORIAL.

As bearer of this tribute from the Young Women's Christian Association, appointed to tell what Mrs. Thomas was in that work, I can but repeat what has already been said, for it is just the same story, just the same taking hold at the beginning, when the work was really no work at all, but only an idea and a desire conceived in the heart of one earnest young woman of Baltimore, to bring together the young working women of the city for mutual help and encouragement; to ascertain their views, and to find out how far it would be possible to improve their condition.

And in this, as in all these other societies, the originators of the movement turned immediately and instinctively to Mrs. Thomas for sympathy and support; and here, as elsewhere, she gave fully and freely time, interest, effort—for she was

not one to withhold her support until the success of an undertaking should be assured.

Upon the organization of the Y. W. C. A., Mrs. Thomas was made first vice-president, a position she held until a year ago, and throughout the weary days of struggle for existence, that difficult time of evolving a complete organic body from an idea and an aspiration, Mrs. Thomas gave her invaluable assistance.

Busy as she was, she always found time to meet any special demand for special service, and all felt under all circumstances that her presence was strength, her counsel was wisdom, her very countenance was encouragement.

It was more than once my privilege to serve on special committees with Mrs. Thomas, and while endeavoring to discover the secret of her strength and of her influence, recognizing, of course, that it was chiefly due to her singleness of purpose, her entire consecration to the one service, yet I could but feel that it was in a large measure also due to her independence of prejudice, her absolute freedom from all fine-spun theories concern-

ing *methods* of work. She was bound and hampered by none of these.

“Work in your own way, only be sure that you work !” That seemed to be a cardinal article of her creed, and so she was willing to accept suggestions by whomsoever proposed and, accepting the necessity for experiments, she was willing they should be made—best of all, she never reproached one with a failure her ripe judgment may have foreseen ; never suggested, when the thing was done, that she could have advised “a more excellent way.”

Only one broad principle seemed to direct and control Mrs. Thomas, viz. : The Master’s work *must* be done, and the harvest that is ripe to-day must be gathered to-day, else it will fall to the ground and be lost.

One further thought is suggested. How different would have been the record published here to-day. Ay, how different the record of many a life whose story we shall never know ; but God knows ; how different must it all have been had Mrs. Thomas not taken up her work while still

a young woman. Strike but one year from this period of active service and what a loss! What a loss! And yet with many of us, our span of life might be greatly shortened and no one beyond the walls of our own homes would sustain the slightest loss.

Mrs. Thomas, we must remember, was yet in the prime of years when this record closes, and the recording angel begins a new chapter in the volume of the Book of Life, the record of her life and service in the company of those who see the Lord face to face, while they serve before his throne.

And shall we not glean from this beautiful life a lesson and a message for young women?

Does it not seem as if the Master had come into His Vineyard, and there had seen one doing the work of fifty, ay, of a hundred, while the hundred stood by with folded hands. And seeing this He had said, "I will call away this my faithful servant, and let us see if these others, these who have entered my Vineyard, who are called by

my name, let us see if they will take up the work she lays down."

And so the faithful servant entered into the joy of her Lord, the "rest that remaineth to the people of God."

But the work is yet to be done. And who will do it?

MRS. ROBT. DORSEY.

HYMN.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Father, perfect my trust !

Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death :

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink :
For it may be I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think !

The services concluded with the Benediction.

PART II.

REPRINTED FROM THE MEMORIAL NUMBER OF THE
WHITE RIBBON HERALD, AUGUST, 1888.

MARY WHITALL THOMAS.

"Entered into the fullness of joy" on the 2d of 7th mo., 1888,
aged 52 years.

"Death is the end of Death."

—F. D. MAURICE.

Where is the victory,
Death, thou art claiming?
How does the arrow speed
That thou wert aiming?

It can not reach to her,
Only her prison;
Glad through its riven door
She has arisen.

As thou wert aiming it
(Jesus commanding)
He to receive her home
Eager was standing.

She with like eagerness
Hastes to the meeting,
Never one thought of dread
Shadows her greeting.

“I did not cure thy pain,
(She hears him say it),
Longed for thine entrance here,
Would not delay it.

“Illness and pain became
Chariots that bore thee
Quick from the toils of earth
Into my glory.

“Seeing my unveiled face,
Freed from earth’s fetter,
Come, for a service waits,
Fuller and better.”

“Now in thy beauty, Lord,
Mine eyes behold Thee,
Find thou art more than all
Thought ever told me.

“Death is the end of death,
Death no more liveth,
Jesus, my risen Christ,
Victory giveth.”

Thus in the light of God
Serves she forever,
And, without weariness,
Rests in endeavor.

Love grows not less by love,
So her affection
For us she leaves behind
Reaches perfection.

Though all we see of her
Coldly is lying,
Though we hear not her song,
Glad and undying.

She is not lost to us,
Only preceding,
Soon we shall see her in
Glory exceeding.

All that we knew of her
Beauty and sweetness
Still is forever hers
In its completeness.

Whose is the victory?
Death, hast thou gained it?
No! with the risen Christ
She has obtained it.

R. H. T.

MEMORIAL NOTICE.

Mary Whitall Thomas; daughter of John M. and Mary Whitall of Philadelphia, was born in Germantown in 1836, and came to Baltimore in 1855, on her marriage with Dr. James Carey Thomas, of this city. At that time she was deeply interested in religious subjects, and at the entertainments given in her honor as a young and lovely bride, her chief delight was to find opportunities to converse with her husband's father, whose clear Christian faith was very soon the means, under God's blessing, of bringing her to the knowledge of the forgiveness of sin and to a sense of acceptance with God. She at once began to confess her Lord and to work for Him, and in the midst of increasing family cares and her duties as a devoted wife and mother, she found time to give her help to many religious and philanthropic undertakings. The words of

her address at the W. C. T. U. State Convention in 1882 were eminently true of herself: "We must *consecrate* ourselves to this service; it is the work of the day. Do not neglect the duties of the family, but add something to them; work for souls; come face to face with humanity. You can touch some life every day if you are only faithful to God; you may say, 'I have no gift,' but if it is a gift, ask for it and you can get it." Born and brought up in a Society which recognizes the equality of the sexes before God, she believed that, although a woman, she was as likely to be called on to speak for her Master as if she had been a man. She went further, and as she herself said, she "asked for a gift," and how many souls in every class of society bless God to-day that she did so. She was especially interested in the Home for Fallen Women on Exeter St., and in all other efforts to raise her own sex. The injustice of many of the laws made by men for the government of women aroused her sympathies. She believed that women's work should be judged by the same standards and

paid at the same rate as men's work, and, in short, that they should in every way have equal rights with men.

At the time of the Woman's Crusade she was one of the three who called the first meeting held by the women of Maryland in the temperance cause, and from that day the W. C. T. U. became an important part of her life-work.

When Mrs. McKendree Reilley, State President of the W. C. T. U., removed from Maryland, Mrs. Thomas was elected in her place. This was in 1879, and she was President from this time until her death. There were then only six Unions; viz: the Baltimore Union; Union Square; Columbia Ave.; Broadway Union; Montgomery Union, and one Local Union in Baltimore Co. Barely nine years had passed and at her death there were nearly two hundred Local Unions, whilst the departments of work engaged in by the W. C. T. U. had increased from five in 1879 to twenty-five in 1887. In all this Mrs. Thomas was not merely the nominal head. Her personal interest and encouragement were

felt in every branch, guiding and cheering on the workers, and until a few months before her death, she was actively and constantly engaged in it herself as President of the Baltimore City Union. In 1882 the Tuesday morning Consecration meeting was begun, and here again she recognized an open door into which she gladly entered. At these meetings much was said of Jesus Christ, and of His power and willingness to save. Mrs. Thomas believed in definite steps in the Christian life; her own experience had been clear and definite. Long before this time she deliberately and with her whole heart renounced all right to herself, and had promised the Lord that henceforth, so soon as she recognized His will, she would do it without question or delay. This promise she was enabled by His grace to keep. From time to time she had fresh views of the Lord's will in her service for others, and saw the strength for each fresh need in the Lord Jesus Christ. These experiences were to her the entrance gates into ever higher planes of Christian living, and she found as she advanced that the

Lord Jesus was more and more a mighty and victorious Savior. He never disappointed her, although her expectations far outreached those of ordinary Christians. Therefore her mouth was continually filled with His praises, and the Tuesday morning meetings became the means of leading many to follow in the path of freedom and joy which she herself was treading. Their influence was widely felt in every department of the temperance work. Consecrated women, who had ceased to say "I cannot" or "I will not," came forward to do God's will, looking to him for strength.

Mrs. Thomas, like her sister, Hannah Whitall Smith, was a great Bible student. Her Wednesday morning Bible Class at the Friends' Meeting House, corner Eutaw and Monument streets, embraced members of many different denominations. It was not confined to the earnestly religious, for many of the society ladies of Baltimore loved to attend it. For twelve years before her death she was a Recorded Minister in the Society of Friends, and, amidst her multifarious en-

gagements, she always took a prominent part in the work of her own church. Space forbids the enumeration of her labors in the Foreign Mission cause; in Sunday School work; as Clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, (Women); in the Baltimore McAll Association, in the Young Woman's Christian Association, &c., &c., &c.

But any notice of Mary Whitall Thomas would be misleading which gave an impression of her simply as a worker. In her home life she was most lovely. Eight children, four sons and four daughters, grew up around her, and two others had been called away in infancy to the better land. She made home a happy place for them by her constant sympathy in all their interests, encouraging them in the pursuit of good by her enthusiasm, and seeking to impress them with her own high and pure ideals. She never allowed her outside engagements to interfere with her duties to her family, and if any of them were sick everything else was laid aside that she might give her undivided attention to the loved one. She was always ready to share the interests of

her numerous relatives and friends. How often have we found her writing at her favorite library table, and seen the busy pen laid aside, and for the next half hour she has been absorbed in our own private affairs as if she had nothing in the world to do but to share them. She seemed to have no self to take up her time, and thus she was able to manifest the beauty of a "heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." But we must no longer dwell upon the many lovely points of her character. Her work on earth, though none suspected it, was rapidly nearing its conclusion. She presided at the State Convention last October, apparently in the fullness of robust health, but a few weeks later came the news like a thunder clap, that malignant disease had fastened upon her and that she was beyond the reach of human help. Her public life was ended and during the few remaining months only her own family and a few intimate friends were able to see her. To one of these she said that her illness had been a most happy and peaceful time, in which everything had been made so easy for her. Her days

were passed in sweet communion with the Lord, to whom she committed herself, soul and body. To another friend she said she was willing if it was His will to be raised up again. She thought she could serve Him better now than before; she would be able to enter into sympathy so much better with those in suffering, since she had herself known weariness and pain. Her active interest in the W. C. T. U. continued to the last, and she still fulfilled her duties as State President from her sick room. She greatly rejoiced at the starting of our State Paper, and busied herself in comparing sample copies of other State papers, &c. She selected the motto for the paper and contributed a Greeting to the first number. She called attention to the fact that the words "of Maryland" had been accidentally omitted from the heading, saying that the paper belonged to the whole State and she wanted all the County Unions and all the country members to feel that they had a share in it. Through the loving kindness of her Heavenly Father she was spared the pain, and all the more distressing symptoms

which usually accompany her disease. Three weeks before her death she was taken to the beautiful summer home which she had loved so well, at Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., and there, amid the tender ministrations of her husband and children, she passed away peacefully and without a struggle, on Monday morning, the 2nd of July. On the preceding Thursday, when very weak, the last letter relating to the Temperance work was written at her direction. On Saturday morning, feeling a little better she was able to speak some farewell words to her children, and afterwards expressed a wish to add a codicil to her will. The addition was a Legacy of \$500 for the new State Headquarters. It had long been the wish of her heart that such a building should be obtained on Baltimore Street, where Gospel meetings may be held every night in the week, and where Lectures to working people, a cooking school for girls, the Free Kindergarten and other similar work may be carried on.

Almost the last thing that she was conscious of was the receipt of a cable message from her

sister, Mrs. Smith, from London. It said, "Psalm 48: 14." The verse was read to her, "This God is our God forever and ever. He will be our guide unto death." Her husband added, "And Jesus will receive thee," to which she responded with a smile, "Will receive me."

The funeral took place in Baltimore on Thursday, July 5th, according to the usages of the Society of Friends. Amongst other exercises, the 15th chapter of first Corinthians was read, and the following lines were repeated :

O blessed are the dead in Christ !

Why should we weep, for them ?

* * * * *

Seem they to feel no touch of love

That o'er their icy brow may move

With tearful whispers warm ?

'Tis that upon the spirit's ear

All Heaven's eternal music clear

Is bursting, where there comes not near

One breath of sorrow's storm.

O give them up to Him whose own
Those dear beloved ones are,
Lo ! on their waking sight He bursts,
The bright and morning star,
We follow too, ye loved ones gone,
We follow faint but fearless on
To where the Lamb, once slain,
Forever now enthroned on high
Shall reign, and wipe from every eye
The tears that through eternity
Shall never flow again.

Praise was offered for the victory which had been granted her through Jesus Christ, and testimony was borne to her Christian character and to the message of her life. The interment was private. The grave had been beautifully lined with two kinds of smilax, and looked like a cool green bed under the blaze of the July sun. Upon the new-made grave were laid the palms and lilies sent by the W. C. T. U., with other flowers. As the family retired a stranger approached and laid some Easter lilies upon the bright smilax covering.

So she has left us. She always longed for

heaven, even midst earth's brightest scenes, and now in the meridian of her strength, when life seemed fullest, she has left it all and gone in gladly, joyfully to be forever with her Lord. We must not weep for her, but whilst her words and deeds are fresh in our memories let us try to gather up the lessons that she taught us. Surely now, more than ever before, in the State of Maryland, our Woman's Christian Temperance Union is bound to go forward to victory. She who has left us has emphasized so strongly in her words and in her life that "None need be weak when the Lord Jehovah is our strength," that we can never forget it. She has told us of the mighty power of God that is for us, and how, laying hold with the two hands of obedience and faith, we may every one receive this power. She has told us all that is necessary in a channel is that it should be open at both ends, and that we may become channels of blessing if we but take care to keep our eyes open Godward and manward; she has told us that God is on the side of righteousness,

and that he has given us a Saviour who is able to save; that no one has to remain bound when Christ is waiting to set us free, and that with God on our side we may go out to the rescue of suffering, sinning humanity, sure that victory is before us. In this faith she lived, and the precious legacy of it remains to us. THE LORD GAVE AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY; BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.

MISS WILLARD'S TRIBUTE.

On the 2d of July at her summer home among the Blue Ridge Mountains of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Mary Whitall Thomas, president of the W. C. T. U. of Maryland, passed from this earthly life to her native land on high. She had been for many years the president of our white ribboners in Maryland, and was, like her sister, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, a born leader, which means that she was one whom her comrades love to follow. She never said, "Do thou go," but always, "Let us come."

Mrs. Thomas was a preacher of the Friends' Society, and one of the most acceptable and influential in the United States. Inheriting large wealth from her father, who was a prosperous Philadelphia merchant, and living in a home of beauty and refinement, the wife of James Carey Thomas, one of Baltimore's most prominent

physicians and Christian men, Mrs. Thomas was the picture of an almost ideal wife, mother and "lady bountiful," as one saw her in her own home surrounded by her beautiful and accomplished children. For years Mrs. Thomas conducted a meeting for Bible study once a week in the Quaker meeting house, at which gathered the most influential and accomplished women of the city from all religious communions, but, perhaps, notably the Episcopalians. No presence was more familiar in the beautiful city of monuments than that noble, well built form, so alert and yet so full of dignity, that handsome face with waving hair, broad brow, eyes keen but kindly, and smile as sweet as summer." There was no good word or work that could not count on Mrs. Thomas. She was devotedly religious; it was all her life to be a Christian; she knew no other character, would have repudiated any other reputation. No state president is more enshrined in the hearts of loving and loyal followers, and none in all our great union has been surrounded by a more capable or faithful group of co-adjutors. At the last State

Convention I was present and saw no diminution in the power and patience of my heroic friend. Her smile was just as sunny, her voice as firm and clear, her intrepidity as notable, but she knew even then, though none of us did, that she was stricken by a disease that physicians had pronounced mortal. She did not yield to it, she would not speak of it, she believed the infinite power could bear her above it, and so with wonderful faith and unspeakable gentleness she passed the days until the sweet transition came that gave her to those whom she had loved and lost awhile. She is gone from us in the magnificent maturity of her influence and her affections; she who "allured to brighter worlds, has led the way."—*Union Signal*.

MARYLAND'S PROMOTED PRESIDENT.

E. T. G.

Among the many beautiful floral tributes at the funeral of Mrs. Mary Whitall Thomas, was one of marked significance sent by the Maryland W. C. T. U. of which she was President. It consisted of two large branches of feathery palm crossed by a royal white Japanese lily, the stems tied together by the white ribbon which she loved and wore so faithfully for years. Accompanying it were the following lines:

O, strong, sweet soul ; for such brief season held
In mesh of that which we, speech stumbling, call
The web of life—on poured, in costliest
Benediction, from a vase so rare that,
At the first rude touch of Fate it shattered
Lies, as potsherd at our feet, whilst thou, on
Swift, safe sweep of upward-circling wing, hast
Sped beyond the stars !

We bid thee 'joy !'

From

Out the arid, toil-worn paths of those less
Single-eyed than thou, who, tortured by unrest,
Had, but for thee, lost chart and compass,
Guide-board, and "the way"—we bid thee "joy!"

Within thy folded hands the victor's palm
We lay; and on thy brave, true heart a lily fair;
And round about their straight, strong stems we
bind

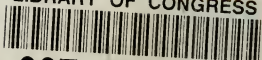
The pure "white ribbon" thou hast loved so well!
And this we do, that when we lay thy body
In the arms of Mother Earth, and leave it
With the mystery of Death—all men may know
From what high court thy spirit took its flight.

Then turn we to thy cross, that cross which, sign
And symbol of the life Divine, thy
Feeble woman's hand has borne so surely
Through the battle's strife and held so high
Above the smoke, that angels, bending from
The battlements above, have caught and held
Its blazonry of Love, 'till He in whose
Dear name thy God-like work was done has seen
And claimed it for His own!

FINIS.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 027 279 869 2